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An Appeal for Peace

SENT TO LIEUT. GEN. SCOTT,

JULY 4, 1861.



THE mission of woman, has ever been a holy work, consecrated by that patient suffering, which calls forth a world's sympathy for her gentle fortitude. Has her claim ceased, that her agonizing cries are no longer heard, and is that care vouchsafed from the beginning, forever closed to her sorrows?

To you, our once great Nation's Chieftain, we call aloud in bitter anguish, to stay the strife which now desolates, our homes, and gives to America a bereaved sisterhood. To you we appeal, as the guardian of our once unstained and spotless Banner, to still those waves of passion, which surge over our unhappy land, sundering our dearest ties. As Man, endowed by the GIVER OF GOOD with all that station values, as Husband, whose heart beats responsive to woman's love, as Father, the gentle whisperings of whose children cannot be forgotten in times going; by the memory of our holy dead, whose hushed voices speak again through our tears, we appeal, with all the earnestness of a grief more sore than any enlightened woman has ever borne. The unclosed graves now open for their victims, you can deny their tenants!

We claim, to know no distinction in party broils, as the pure element of the nation's greatness; we demand, in appealing, that protection God has entrusted to man in our behalf. Are only sorrows to be meted us? Has party strife, for gold's gain, obliterated all sense of right? Can the wail of our anguish for all ties rent, by the ruthless violence of men, forgetful that they are formed in God's image be unheard? Have we no natural rights? Husband, Son, and Brother, torn from their our homes, and incarcerated in the decaying atmosphere of a military prison, each day taking from us all that supports life! We call upon you to arise in the majesty of Freedom's chieftain, and restore our fettered nation to its primal greatness.

The halo of woman's prayers will encircle with its radiance the closing years of a life now far waning to its end, and will bear up on high the record of love to plead for that blessed eternity promised by the decess.

The children perfected in your art have gone sorrowfully

to the stern duty of its use, (necessitated upon them), but would gladly lay aside the bloody weapons of defense, and turn in grateful happiness to your outstretched arms. The good and noble Lee upon the tropic plains of Mexico placed the fairest leaflet in the laurel which adorns your brow; the great Johnston gave the victorious Cerro Gordo to the glorious galaxy of your battles; Beauregard, whose mighty intellect is impressed by the Divine Essence with the mysterious knowledge of "numbered science;" Davis, the loved Davis, whose name is a talisman of virtue, to whom a suffering people cling. These are the sons of your training! These the comrades of your battles. Let the clustering years of your age be wreathed with the hall-lujals of an enfranchised people! We plead as those perishing, for that Peace, which your might alone can give; rising above the wicked machinations of the recreant to high Heaven's mandates, cast off the petty spirit of party jealousy, and give to us that blessed Peace whose rays illumine the inner sanctuary of the Most Holy. Can our unhappy land give you lack for the labor of your earning, a greater boon, than the brightened page of History, whose inscription transmits the cessation of that carnage so unnatural and so fearful the world looks on in horror?

Can the emblazoned record of any victory confer a greater glory than this legacy of Peace? Can the angelic host who watch, lay upon the altar of your God an offering more pure?

As the Daughters of that State whose men in solemn legislative council fearlessly protested that her soil should not be profaned by the tread of martial feet, led on to devastate the domestic sanctuaries of the "Old Dominion." We implore you by all you value in Time's great Past, or hope for in unwritten Future, to stay the sorrows of our souls!

To you we appeal as Hope's last beacon, looking for the light which can alone point to a brighter day; and we thus place upon the register of our archives, this our cry of woe, whose piteous tones will be known as the appeal of the

WOMEN OF MARYLAND.



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